

Iron County Register

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 27.
MONTON. : : : JAN 12, 1888.

S. L. I. M. & S. R. Y.

SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.
Texas Express, No. 722..... 2:45 A. M.
Texas Express, No. 724..... 1:28 P. M.
Arcadia Accommodation, No. 720..... 5:32 A. M.
SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.
Mail and Express, No. 721..... 1:16 P. M.
Texas Express, No. 723..... 12:15 A. M.
Arcadia Accommodation, No. 725..... 8:04 P. M.
F. P. ADAMS, Agent.

Matter for insertion in the REGISTER must be handed or sent in NOT LATER than Tuesday noon!

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Wet or dry?

Rumors of a wedding the 16th.

G. A. R., Iron Post, No. 246, meets January 12. All that can be present do so and come early.

A few of the young folks were highly entertained by Miss Adel Lopez one evening last week.

Hats trimmed in white silk handkerchiefs seem to be the latest craze among the young ladies of Ironton.

Children's day was observed at the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon; quite a number attended.

The President last Monday appointed J. T. Ake Register of the United States Land Office at Ironton, Mo.

Mr. David Myers has his new house completed, and contemplates moving in the latter part of this week.

We understand the young ladies of Arcadia intend giving a Leap-Year party in the near future. "Whoop it up, girls."

Senator McGinnis, of St. Louis, will speak against Local Option at the Courthouse Thursday and Friday evenings.

Sim. Buckman, our enterprising photographer, has bought and is now repairing the property formerly belonging to Mrs. Richardson.

We are glad to note the fact that Mr. S. E. DeHaven, the principal of the Pilot Knob public school, has taken up his quarters in Ironton. He is boarding at the Keesling house.

All ladies who are friends to the temperance cause—members of the W. C. T. U. or not—are earnestly requested to be at the courthouse Saturday morning, January 14th, to work for God, Home, and Native Land.

M. A. RUSSELL, Sup. Press Work.

Ten communications—five for and five against local option—are crowded out this week, although we have given every available inch of space to our friends on both sides. We are heartily glad that this week closes the contest, be the result wet or dry; if it were to continue another forty days, Iron county would have to be turned into a lunatic asylum, with the editor probably the first applicant for admission.

We record with regret a sad and terrible accident to an old citizen of Iron county at Bismarck last Saturday morning about nine o'clock. There are many side-tracks at that point, and Mr. Frederick Osterle went out to gather up some "waste" that had been dropped from the engines. While so engaged an engine came along, whistled, and he stepped off the track; but he appeared dazed at the danger he had escaped, and involuntarily stepped back on the track a second later immediately in front of the locomotive, which ran over him, killing him instantly. The remains were brought to Ironton—his former residence—and interred in the Masonic Cemetery Monday. A large concourse of friends and relatives attended the funeral.

A terrible tragedy was enacted in the West End of this county last Wednesday. Alexander Sumpter had one William Turner arrested for shooting at him. Turner had a preliminary hearing before Justice Henderson and was acquitted. After Turner was acquitted, he and Charles Asher had some very hot words before they left the justice's court. Asher went home with Sumpter and about 4 o'clock the same afternoon these two men went out of Sumpter's house into the yard to get some wood. While they were standing at the wood-pile some unknown person fired from the timber, near by, and killed Alex. Sumpter instantly, the ball passing through his neck and breaking it. The second shot brought down Charles Asher. On examination it was found that the bullet had struck him below the shoulder and passed clear through his body. A man on adjoining hill claims that he saw Turner in the act of shooting, and the latter has ever since been missing. Officers sent to the neighborhood have been unable to find him. It is the outcome of an ugly feud, and as numbers of persons of crime and vindictiveness are in it, the end is not yet.

Tunnel writings.

A new oil house is one of the improvements on the hill this week.

Mr. Richard Seale has had a severe attack of pneumonia. I am pleased to state that he is now convalescent.

It looks as if the Pilot Knob itemizer will continue to throw insinuations on the "Drifter." Now the "Drifter" does not intend to get insulted with such a hard case. He is too much of the build of Jack Killian for such insignificant individuals as the "Drifter" to notice.

E. A. Hitecock, President St. Louis Ore and Steel Company, made a visit through the mines on Wednesday.

The shaft incline is now 400 feet down on the vein and is showing as good ore as ever Pilot Knob produced.

A Hungarian had his leg broken on Thursday in the mine by an ore car running over it. He was sent to the Sisters' Hospital at St. Louis by the Miners Benevolent Association.

On the 4th inst. the company commenced to clean up the debris made by the late fire. A new store will be built as soon as possible and filled with a choice selection of new goods.

Uncle Dan has not been pleased this week. The captain put the little engine in the house and furnished him with mules to attend to the shipping department.

Joe Hewitt, our master mechanic, was on the hill on Saturday. We found him as usual, in a good temper and with a red nose.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fink a 10-pound boy. Mother and baby are doing well. Louis has not been seen outside the family circle since the birth, but is also supposed to be doing well—with the whisky bottle.

Clones.

Ed. Register.—An unusually quiet time characterized Christmas in this vicinity; that is, there were fewer parties and places of amusement than I have ever observed in the country. Most all the young people here attended church at Goodland on Xmas day. D. H. Latham, Edge Hill, gave an oyster supper Friday night, 23d inst., and, it is said, it was a successful one.

There was a Christmas tree at Camp Good Saturday evening, 24th inst., and it was largely attended.

School closed in Goodland district not long ago, and the teacher, Miss Stewart, has returned home.

While in Ironton not long ago I had an interview with my friend, J. B. Walker, Esq. Mr. W. is a staunch local optionist, and is now speaking at various places out here, which, no doubt, will make many of the same faith. *Deo gratias.*

The merchant at Foote appears to be doing a thriving business.

An oyster supper, near Black Wednesday night last, broke up with a general row; in consequence thereof the dentist will be somewhat aided. Whiskey was the cause, as usual.

Mrs. Stewart, whose house was consumed by fire not long ago, will, I have been informed, not recover the insurance anticipated, owing to a change of property without having notified the company.

Monday, 23d inst., Messrs. Marion Anderson, Goodwater, and James Goggins, Edge Hill, took dinner with us. Mr. A. informed us that he will attend school at Salem, Dent county, for a period of six months, from January 2nd, 1888. He will make his mark in the future, since he is a young man of more than ordinary talent and intelligence.

Messrs. Jasper and Emmett Latham, of Edge Hill, will also attend the same school. They inform me that board can be secured cheaper in Salem than at Cross Roads.

School closed in this district on the 10th inst., and the teacher submitted a better report than usual in this district. The day was spent in spelling and declaiming. The following named visitors were present on that occasion: Messrs. James and Green Goggins, Edge Hill; Miss Vollmer and brother, H. R. Henderson, Foote; Joseph Thompson, Misses Sarah and Ellen McMahon, Giles McMahon, Misses Caroline and Martha Stricklin, Mrs. J. T. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Latham took Christmas in Bellevue, returning home on the afternoon of 23d inst.

Mr. Harvey Dwyer, Black P. O., was in this vicinity Saturday last on a trading expedition.

Matthew Adams, Goodland, is preparing to build himself a new dwelling house.

Jasper Anderson, Goodwater, has his store house complete, and will soon have it filled with a choice stock of goods.

I was pleased to see my young friend, Romane Adams, riding in the interest of local option. If we had a few more such young men, local option would carry, without a doubt.

Mr. L. Alcorn, Bellevue, was out at Foote one day this week.

Mr. Alexander Black was married last week to Miss Frances Parker, of West Fork of Black River. Long may they wave.

Thos. Shy killed a fine deer one day this week.

Mr. Buck Goggins, of Edge Hill, has sold all of his personal property and will discontinue house-keeping. Mr. G. is one of Edge Hill's most sober, industrious men.

William Culmer Smith has been improving his dwelling house.

What has become of "Farmer?"

H. R. Henderson informs me that he anticipates a trip to Arizona next spring.

Well, Mr. Editor, tell the saloon keepers to look for other employment, for Iron county will go "dry" on the 14th proximo.

Dec. 31, 1887. P.

Colored Society Notes.

Rev. Chas. Casey spent several hours at the school on Thursday and was not sparing with the words of encouragement which he spoke in behalf of the teacher and his work. Let others come and see for themselves. Our book of results stands open for inspection five days during each week, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Mrs. Creath visited her son, Charley, at Walnut Ridge, Ark., recently. She found Charley well. According to her idea the Lord has not as many friends in the land of the Arkansas traveler as he has in Ironton.

John Buckner, Jr., is back from Charleston on a visit to the scenes of his childhood. Now of Johnny it may be truly said that he has greatly improved in several ways. He holds the credentials of a notary public and pension agent. He is also somewhat of a politician, and oh my! he is as "dry as a bone."

There will be a grand festival given on the 17th inst., for the benefit of the pastor of the M. E. church. This entertainment was proposed by Mr. Payton Martin, a non-member of the church, but a well-wisher of the good cause, and he will lead a host of friends, who are ever ready to help a righteous cause.

Wesley Ames has closed his grocery in Ironton and I am informed that he will soon open again in Piedmont. I admire his pluck and hope that he will meet with success.

The following pupils were not absent from school during the past month: Dolly Sweeney, Birt Collier, Virgie Whitner, Nettie Colwell, Alma Johnson, Blanch Johnson, John Armstrong, G. L. Maston, John Bridges, Sam Boyd.

Pilot Knob Items.

Wet or dry is the question now.

Miss Belle Palmer returned to Bellevue last Thursday.

The local option machinery was pretty well oiled up here last week, and is running with perfect satisfaction.

Mr. Al. Behrens spent a few days of last week with his parents at Jackson, Mo.

The company and others availed themselves of the opportunity last week and housed ice enough for the entire community next summer.

Some of the children had a play-party at the residence of Mr. Kath's last Thursday evening. They expressed themselves as having a jolly time.

Mr. S. E. DeHaven has forsaken Pilot Knob and has taken up his abode at the Keesling House. May the Lord be with you, De, we can't.

Mr. E. H. Ameling returned to his parental roof last Friday to remain only a day or so. He is now in the employ of the Missouri Glass Works, St. Louis, acting in the capacity of assistant foreman of packers.

It is a matter plain to be seen that we were a little defective in our orthography last week. Whether it was a misprint or an oversight on our part we cannot say.

Mr. Geo. Post returned from St. Louis

last Friday, bringing with him a forty dollar cowman hatrack, which he drew the raffle that took place at the Planters' House a few days ago.

Mr. Will Crane was with us again last week. His visit is becoming so frequent that we can hardly keep up with him. Notwithstanding all this, we nevertheless welcome him.

To the great satisfaction of the many dependents of Pilot Knob, a new company store is to be erected, and within about six or eight weeks they expect to open up for business.

An altercation took place at a dance in Englishtown last Saturday night, in which Cicero Downs sustained severe injuries at the hands of young Bittles, who used a knife on Downs with telling effect.

In the event of success to the "Dry" next Saturday, Frank, our dynamite manufacturer, says he will make a bomb that will proclaim victory all over the county.

The officers for 1888, of the A. O. U. W. Lodge, No. 232, of this place, were installed last night, viz: Capt. Wm. Searle, P. M. W.; H. J. Behrens, M. W.; Wm. McFarland, Foreman; J. E. Clinton, Overseer; J. S. Norman, Recorder; G. W. Farrar, Receiver; F. A. Ebrecht, Financier; H. D. Bouzhen, Guide; Geo. Pipkin, I. W.; S. Carlisle, O. W. We deem it a duty to call the attention of a party who is engaged in the wood business here to the fact that he is grossly violating the law by driving a mule that is maimed and otherwise stove-up. To make a long story short, the animal is actually starving to death, while the driver inhumanly persists in thus afflicting a punishment on a defenseless brute that should by no means be tolerated by the authorities. N.

A Lady Speaks Her Mind.

Ed. Register.—For some time I have been debating the question in my own mind, "Are the members of the W. C. T. U. as charitable and unselfish as they claim to be?" If they are, why is it that a few of us who do not work with them, are branded as selfish, uncharitable and necessarily in favor of saloons?

Now, I, for one, have never belonged to a society working for the temperance cause—have never proclaimed abroad that I was striving to reform my neighbor's husband or helping to train my neighbor's children.

On the other hand I have always felt that a true wife and mother understands her own husband and children better than any one else can. If she has influence, let her exercise it at home. If she has none there, the chances are that she will have little elsewhere.

How weak must be the man who will not heed the entreaties of his wife and yet yield to the seductive powers of the saloon! Think you, Mr. Editor, that such a man is worth reforming? Think you that many would have faith in his good resolutions?

In my opinion the Ironton W. C. T. U. is composed principally of two classes of women: 1st. The woman who becomes a member for the purpose of gratifying her desire for publicity. 2d. The woman who has no mind of her own and is consequently carried along by every wave of excitement and follows her more masculine leaders.

I do not attack the object of the W. C. T. U., but their methods. Granting that the saloons are an injury, an evil, is it charitable to brand your neighbor, who is too modest to declaim on the streets for votes, as a fool, to charge that she is under the control of a tyrannical husband, and afraid to express her honest opinion? To say all this because she does not agree with them as to woman's proper place? I firmly believe that saloons would be patronized to such an extent if more wives would study the inclinations of their husbands and make home more attractive for them. There may be women who can work both at home and abroad and do their whole duty at each place—all things are possible—but I do not believe it can be accomplished by many. If there should be such a woman, I believe she would be the last one to accuse us, who are less gifted, with a lack of zeal in the cause of morality.

In conclusion let me say to the members of the W. C. T. U., be charitable, be unselfish, be what you claim to be, do not allow a few leaders, who are extremists, to carry you too far. Perfect the work in the sphere where you reign supreme—the home—and by zealous and careful work in the nursery, you will effect the reformation of the world.

"A pebble in the brooklet scum."

May change the course of a mighty river; A dew-drop on the baby's palm May warp the giant oak forever.

A HOME-REFORMER.

Bro. Keesling Again.

Most rightous people, I see in your circular issued by committee of local option, that this election is not a political but local election. What do you mean by that, righteous brethren? Do you mean as a general law it could not pass or do you mean to catch votes by it? I presume you mean both.

Now, it is clear that in a locality where the people have become more righteous than the general public, it would be considered safe to enlarge their personal liberty by local law. That would be a glorious law! Because they would stand on their personal merit. "They deserve it," would be said. But the local option law restricts our personal liberty and makes it appear that we are behind the general public in self-government.

When my neighbor stands with a ballot in his hand to vote for a law that steps right in to my fireplace and says, take that wine off that table; remove that cider, sir; come along, you are wanted over here at the office, I make the assertion right here—and challenge successful contradiction—the "Local Option Law" is the most ungodly law that ever blackened the pages of white paper. Voters of Iron county, see what we reflect on ourselves and our social condition in Iron county: that we are not capable of managing our own household affairs. Blessed Lord, has it come to this? Shall we close the 20th century with no brighter hopes? More; this law condemns the Lord, as he turned water into good wine and passed it to the wedding guests. Had it happened in Iron county its righteous people would have given Him six months in prison. More; a good wine year, from Adam down, was always considered worthy of the highest praise to the Lord and the fullest assurance of his acceptance of the people. More; the option law lays the bible aside—makes that a crime which the bible makes a blessing. That's commendable, righteous people. Devoid your conscious of all that would hinder, then

go ahead, righteous brethren, and bring in that long delayed era, the blessed millennium, right in the face of Devil, Lord and wicked men. Bring it in, bring it in! Who'll be the first to rise up and say amen? Stand back! Stand back! Let Iron county take the front. H. L. K.

Local Option.

"Whiskey has been drunk and whiskey will be drunk as long as the world stands," was the very profound statement of a man whom I once heard arguing against the closing of dram-shops; and this brings up a point which our friends on the "wet" side of this question are urging with a great deal of earnestness, viz, that the closing of the saloons will not stop drinking and that there will be more intoxicants than before.

To the first statement I answer that no thinking man claims that drinking or even drunkenness will be entirely removed, but that both will be checked. To the second I answer, every truthful man will admit that to be unworthy of belief. The action of the saloon men themselves is a sufficient contradiction of such statement. If the closing of the saloons increased drinking they would be doing all they could to help the "drys" to carry this election.

It is claimed by our opponents that the saloons are not a temptation, that if men come in and drink no one is to blame but themselves. Here again I take issue and affirm that saloons are maintained by temptation alone. The idea that men will engage in any business and not try to increase it is the very nonsense. But the individual is himself alone to blame. Let us see. A man has a meadow and has also a fine young colt separating which is a three or four rail fence. Now the meadow is all right, so also is the colt, but if that colt learns to jump and break into every tempting field he sees who is to blame? You answer the man who laid the temptation before him, who failed to build a fence over which he could not pass. Just so with our saloons. We sign saloon petitions, make the business legal and our boys go over the fence and we are responsible for the matter. Will you help to build the fence?

In the very beginning of this discussion we are met with the objection that the closing of the saloon will increase taxes. This, to many men, is a sufficient objection; it's an appeal to his pocket. Now, let us see whether it can be shown that the liquor traffic increases crime, and that increasing crime increases taxes. This point established the objection is removed.

One authority is sufficient, and if our saloon dignitaries and representatives can produce higher authority let them do so and not give us so much twaddle. The Supreme Court of the United States has said: "The liquor traffic is the cause of more want, pauperism, suffering, crime and public expense than, perhaps, all other crimes combined." Note the words: want, pauperism, suffering, crime, public expense. Fellow citizens, if this be not satisfactory evidence, I appeal to a still higher authority: your individual experience and observation to say whether these things are facts. It seems to me that a just and logical conclusion of the whole matter is about this: "Intoxicants increase crime, crime increases expense and expense increases taxes. Do away with the open saloon and you lessen crime, lessen expense and lessen taxes."

Another point. In my mind's eye I see many a noble little boy and bright eyed girl trudging along in this world with barely enough food and clothing to keep soul and body together. Mother dead and forgotten by father. Liquor the cause of much of it. You say it's not my children. Friend, is that the reason you have determined to vote "wet"? Ah, me; could I address an audience on this point as I see and feel it, could I describe the scenes which I have witnessed and picture them as they flash upon my mind, a wall of woe would go up which would cease not until every saloon in Iron county was closed.

Meanwhile the clouds are gathering nearer and nearer, the solid columns are advancing, and anon you hear the distant mutterings of the storm soon to break upon us. No time for indecision, no time for dismay, no time to fly back like a scared deer. The lion has already roared, let us be heard him in his den. Advance! The battle is joined. Stand to your guns, soldiers, and strike, till the last armed foe expires! Strike for God and home and native land, and if we fall let us fall in noble, honorable battle! J. M. WHITWORTH.

An Iron County Boy Goes East.

Ed. Register.—As we have seen nothing from the east in the REGISTER for some time, I have taken the liberty of sending you a few lines.

First, as to our trip East. We left St. Louis the last night of the year, going via the Great Wabash Route, than which there is none more comfortable. Passing through the tunnel and over the big bridge, we are soon speeding through Illinois at the rate of 40 miles an hour, seated in a beautiful Wagner palace car—the "Au Sable." These cars truly deserve the name of "palace," they are so beautiful of structure and elegantly finished. But "let's to bed," as it is 10 o'clock and we have already passed Litchfield. "A Happy New Year to you," is the greeting we receive from our companions du voyage, as we awake to find ourselves in Defiance, Ohio, a pretty little city, with nice bridges and good streets. We have scarce settled after breakfast till we are in Toledo, Ohio, when we leave our popular Wabash Route and

are given in charge of the Michigan Central Railway's trainmen. Judging by the number of railways and elevators one can see, Toledo must be a very flourishing city. It was very cold here, almost freezing up the engines on the track.

From Toledo we run almost due north to Detroit, Michigan, a very pretty place, well lighted by electric towers, and has an electric railway. At Detroit we are ferried over the lake to Canada. Now for a "run" through the "Old Dominion." The country through which we pass is heavily timbered, as also was Michigan; is very level, the water standing almost all over it, reminding one of Arkansas. The houses are very pretty: mostly brick, some stone, and all built for cold weather. As we near the Niagara river the country is more hilly, but such beautiful roads—smooth and level as a floor and at present covered with ice over which dashes ever and anon a "cuter," the spirited steeds trying to keep up with us. We reached Niagara after nightfall, so that very little could be seen, still we saw the falls by a dim moonlight. The immense sheet of water stood out like a high, white wall. The rapids below the falls looked grand—seething and boiling like an immense cauldron, but appealing anything other than hot. Buffalo, N. Y., we reached about 9 P. M., so saw nothing of it; but our companion said, "it's the only city beside St. Louis in the U. S. that has surface railroads, those everywhere else being under ground or overhead."

Monday morning we are in Kingston, N. Y., only a short distance from Albany—a branch road running to Albany from this point. Soon we are along side the Hudson, and from here to New York city the scenery is grand. We pass almost at the water's edge at many points, then again the train dashes through a tunnel to bring in view some more enchanting scenery. The river is very pretty, the surface of the water giving a perfect reflection of all on the other side, the clouds, the mountains and houses, and even the train on the N. Y. Central railway. From time to time we leave the river only to retrace again at another point. Below Poughkeepsie there is a bridge under construction over the Hudson, which will be 210 feet from the top to the surface of ordinary water mark.

West Point is on the hills and we run under it, as our road, the West Shore, passes below the bluff. For miles and miles we see beautiful residences with pretty grounds, the summer houses of N. Y. capitalists. Our companion points out the residence of his brother—Mr. Jay Gould—a very large building situated on the bluffs on the east side. Sing Sing we can see across the river also, and now we have a race with the train on the other side. It is the Buffalo mail train called the "flyer," and truly it is a flyer, as it left us behind, though we were running at least 45 miles per hour. The part of New Jersey through which we pass is very flat and level, covered with farms and vegetable gardens. But we are soon in Weehaken, a part of Jersey City, where bidding farewell to our kind friend, we take the ferry over the river.

I must close, as this is taking too much of your valuable space. You may look for some more from us when time permits.

Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Dabney J. Helms and Mary J. Helms, his wife, by their deed of trust, dated Sept. 6, 1886, recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for the County of Iron, State of Missouri, in book 31, page 241, did convey to Robert C. Love, trustee, all his right, title and interest in and to the following described tract or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the city of Iron and State of Missouri, viz:

The southeasterly corner of the northwest quarter of section 20, township 34, range 14 east—containing 40 acres, more or less; Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of two certain notes therein mentioned and described; and, whereas, said trustee refuses to act, in which event the sheriff of Iron county for the time being is by the terms of said deed authorized to act in his stead; Now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, I, the undersigned sheriff and trustee, will, on

Saturday, February 13th, 1888,

at the east front door of the courthouse, in the city of Iron, Iron county, Missouri, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 o'clock P. M. of that day, sell at public vendue the right, title and interest of Dabney J. Helms in and to the above described real estate, to the highest bidder, for cash to satisfy said note, and the costs and expenses of this trust.

P. W. WHITWORTH, Sheriff and Trustee.

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At Greatly Reduced Prices
Ladies' Dress Goods,
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FINE GOODS
NOW IN STORE AND ARRIVING.

The Assortment in all Lines Complete!
Goods First-Class Prices Low!
PLEASE CALL!
P. H. Jaquith,
Pilot Knob, Mo., August 16th, 1887.

DO YOU WANT
BOOTS AND SHOES
That Fit and Wear?
Then Buy of
FRED. KINDELL,
MAKER & DEALER IN
LADIES' GENTS' MASTERS' MISSES' & CHILDREN'S
FINE FOOT WEAR.

The only Exclusive Shoe Store in the Valley.

Pilot Knob Bakery
AND
RESTAURANT.
ADOLPH NEMNICH, PROPRIETOR.

Fresh BREAD Every Day.
ALSO, +CAKES, +PIES, +ETC., +ETC.

The RESTAURANT will furnish Meals and Lunches at All Hours, and our best attention will be given this department.

CANNED GOODS of all Kinds.
SAUSAGES, DRIED MEATS, ETC.

ALSO, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Opposite the Old Depot, **PILOT KNOB.**

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Some time since September 1st, from the farm of the undersigned, ten head of steers—nine three-years old, and one two-years old. Red and white color. All marked with a crop and split in the right ear and upper slope in the left. A number of them are branded "W. I. K." on the right hip. Any information leading to their recovery will be reasonably paid for.

Sw n2nd O. A. KNIGHT, Ironton, Mo.

CLOSING OF MAILS.
Mail—North daily..... 2:30 P. M.
" " " " " " "